

THE EPICURE

COMIC OPERA

PEEPING TOM

COVENTRY.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

PEEPING TOM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCENE—A Part of the Country.

Enter Count Lewis, Emma, and Attendants.

Tom,	—	—	—	Mr RYDER
Mayor,	—	—	—	Mr O'REILLY.
Harold,	—	—	—	Mr WOOD.
Crazy,	—	—	—	Mr BAKER.
Earl,	—	—	—	Mr SWINDAL.
Count,	—	—	—	Mr M'CREADY.

WOMEN.

Maud,	—	—	—	Mrs HITCHCOCK.
Emma,	—	—	—	Miss BOMANZINI.
Mayorels,	—	—	—	Mrs HANNAM.



PEEPING TOM.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A View of the Country.*

Enter Count LEWIS, EMMA and Attendants.

Emma.

I Can scarce believe I am safe; but where's that young peasant that rescued me?

Lewis. That young fellow behav'd very well—he did indeed, my lovely Emma—but you are safe now. I give you joy.

Emma. Give me joy, no that you never shall—

Lewis. Now you are angry, but when we are married—

Emma. You and I married, that we never shall.

Lewis. Oh! that will be fine indeed, to be forced from Normandy, your father the Earl of Mercia says, you Count Lewis, shall wed my daughter Emma—But the enemy of all sport, a wicked Dane, darted like a ravenous falcon on you my pretty little dove, and because I would not fight, you will not marry me—now if I did, I might be kill'd and would not be married.

Emma. To run away and not even draw your sword.

Lewis. It is ill manners to draw—in the presence of the Ladies.

PEEPING TOM

Emma. To be sure you're a gallant champion for the ladies.

Lewis. I love the ladies—and love myself—for the ladies sake—Besides the Danes are a barbarous enemy, and I made a vow never to encounter a Dane.

Emma. Here comes my benefactor and deliverer.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Madam I've chastised the villains that have dared to insult you, but hope you have received no hurt!

Emma. Thanks to your kindness—but what is your name?

Harold. William, Madam.

Emma. William—while I am here in Coventry, this token will remind you, who it is you have obliged.

[Gives a ring.]

Lewis. And young man, if you were a little more polish'd, I wou'd prefer you to be squire to my lady wife here.

Emma. Your wife! never. *[Exit Harold.]*

Lewis. Never! Oh I will go, and tell your father—Oh! I— *[Exit.]*

Emma. No, nothing shall ever unite me to a creature so contemptible.

SONG.

Glittering trifler, sport of fashion,

Gaudy insect ever ranging;

For some other feign a passion,

Free me in thy fancy changing.

Love

OF COVENTRY.

Love ne'er blooms where men are wanting,
Then how vain tyrannic power :

Is the soil unkind for planting,
Who can raise the blooming flower,
Self enamour'd swain all sighing,

Gazing tender admiration :
In our eyes their image eying,
There they pay their adoration.

True love, sure I will believe you,
While you love yourself so dearly ;

If I hate, I don't deceive you,
Yet I fear I love sincerely.

[Exit.

SCENE—The Street.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Charming Emma, when she knows me to
be Harold, the son of Earl Goodwin, her father's pro-
fessed enemy, my blooming hopes will be blasted in
the birth.

Enter Tom and Mob.

Tom. Is any body here? joy! joy! huzza!

Harold. For what?

Tom. Because Earl Goodwin and his sons are ba-
nished.

Harold. My father myself and my brother banished.

[Aside.

Tom. Huzza! Bishop Dunstan has commanded King
Edward, to command the Earl, to command the Mayor,
to command me, to make proclamation at the cross,

that

that the Earl Goodwin and his sons are traitors in the land—and I am now going to do the job—come along good-folks—God bless the king and the cryer, knights, yeomen, young and old men—women and children—
O yes!—O yes!— [Exit Tom and Mob.

Harold. Shall I venture into the town, if once Emma returns to her father's castle, probably I may never see her again; she is lodged here in the Mayor's house. If I am known to be Harold, it is instant death; but life without my Emma is not worth my care.

SCENE—A Chamber.

Enter MAYOR and MAUD.

Maud. Nay, now, don't I tell your worship you know, don't you believe any such thing—Lord what will the folks say, to see his honour the Mayor of Coventry make so free with Tom the taylor's wife?

Mayor. Let me hear them talk, and I'll set them in the stocks—Zounds! dare they censure a magistrate—Let me see them wink, and there's the ducking-stool—for a nod, the cage—inuendo, the pillory—and for a malicious whisper, five hundred twirls in the whirligig.

Maud. You know your worship I was virtuous—you know I was forced to leave madam, your wife's service, because I would not let you—you know I would not be naughty with you, and sooner than do so—I was forced to take up with Tom, who though a taylor, was honest!

Mayor. Aye! Tom's a rogue!

Maud.

Maud. A rogue, and like your worship!—
Why he is a bit of a magistrate—was not he a parish clerk, beadle and Sexton at one time; and is he not now overseer and church-warden.

Mayor. Aye—but who made him all this? he was no better than a clown, till I took him under my wing?

Maud. He's certainly a little beholden to your worship.

Mayor. Oh! he owes it all to your pretty face Maud—it was all for your sake,—your beauty—for you have provisions of all sorts—why you have got a beadle in that arched dimple—a constable's staff in that pretty mole—an overseer in that hazel-eye—a church-warden in those auburn-locks—and a pair of plump aldermen in that panting bosom.

Maud. Oh! Lord, I did not think I was such a great body.

Mayor. Yes, you are, indeed you are—talk of Godiva the Earl's new married Lady, and his daughter Emma—why I will wager that smile, against the whole kingdom of Mercia—egad, if those stars were to twinkle in the court of Gloster, King Edward would soon forget his vow of chastity.

S O N G.

MAYOR and MAUD.

The dence a one but you, pretty Maud,
I love indeed 'tis true, pretty Maud,
One kiss, nay prithee hush,

Maud. I vow you make me blush;

B

May.

May. Like a rose bud in a bush, pretty Maud.

Maud. Do let me go away, Mr Mayor.

What will the people say, Mr Mayor,

May. Let them prattle as they will,

Of love I'll have my fill,

Like a dove I'll coo and bill;

Maud. You shall not coo and bill, Mr Mayor.

May. Pretty Maud, pretty Maud,

By all that's great and grand, pretty Maud;

Golden chain, and lilly wand, pretty Maud.

Maud. 'Tis all of little use,

Chain and wand I must refuse,

For the needle, thimble, goose,

Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Maud. I tell you what now, Mr Mayor, you shall not talk to me in that way any more, that's what you shall not.

Mayor. But I will—I will tell you what—I will call upon you by and by—do not be out—I know Tom will be ringing his bells.

Maud. Lord your honour, if your Lady shou'd know,

Mayor. My Lady, poh! poh! she's at home, God bless her, let her stay there.

Maud. Aye, but then the neighbours—

Mayor. Neighbours!—the pillory—the stocks—the whirlingig—I'll tell you Maud, I'll send you a present of some French wine, that I had from Count Lewis, and egad we'll be so snug and so comfortable; you go home and I'll be with you by and by.

Tom.

Tom. (listening) My wife will be a Mayor soon and I shall be an Alderman. *(Exit Maud.)*

Enter Tom, stands in her place.

Mayor. I'll send you the wine and there's something to buy a bit of dinner. *(gives Tom money.)*

Tom. I'm obliged to your worship.

Mayor. (Surprized at seeing Tom instead of Maud)

Tom, aye, aye, how do you do Tom, how do you do, how do you do.

Tom. Pretty well I thank your worship;—but, Sir, is this for a corporation dinner?

Mayor. No, no, (what the devil brings this fellow here, *aside*) pray have you not a ringing to day at the Guy of Warwick, Tom.

Tom. Oh yes we jingle a peal of triple babs, for a leg of mutton and trimmings.

Mayor. (Egad though very lucky, I shall have Maud all to myself, *aside*) Tom you are a good ringer.

Tom. Pretty well, Sir.

Mayor. Yes, you are Tom, you are, you will certainly win. Mind your bells, Tom.—Do not neglect going, you'll certainly win, Tom.—But what's ought you to me now Tom?

Tom. Though merry I be I never was so treated in my whole life, why you know our old mad Crazy, the beadle, I thought he might make some blunder in proclaiming the proclamation of Earl Goodwin and his sons as traitors, so I took the bell and rung the people all about me, and there I stood like a hen and chick-

ens, but I no sooner cried O yes! O yes! than I heard a voice like a gander in the marshes, screaming out O no! O no! and who should this be, but old Crazy; for I having got the city bell, he hobbled with the poetical secretary's pestle and mortar, and clattered with such a devil of a noise, folks could not hear, and because I told him to be quiet, he flew at me, and tripped up the leg of old Corporal Standfast, tumbled over Kit the Tinker, and overturned Father Fogarty, the fat Frier, and has mauled my nose in this manner—look—he fit for an office, indeed, an old driveller.

Mayor. Why you most impudent of all rascals, who am I?

Tom. Why Sir, you're the Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. And did not I appoint him beadle?

Tom. Why Lord Sir he is so infirm, that when he stands at the church-door with the poor's box, his hand shakes so, that the gentle folk's charity-farthings fall out of the box—why he has not one of his twelve senses left but his scratching.

Mayor. Sirrah he has all his talents about him—he's been a devilish shrewd fellow.

Tom. Yes he is a man of sharp talons as my nose can testify.

Mayor. Oh! here he comes.

Enter CRAZY.

Crazy. You a Mayor—there's a fig for your crown and sceptre.

Tom.

Tom. There your worship, the fellow has made a king of you.

Crazy. Tell me of kings—I that have seen Edward, the Martyr, the glorious Alfred, and Canute the great!

Tom. Yes, but did Canute the great give you authority to scratch my nose?

Crazy. I'll Canute you—I that have been headle here ever since the days of Edmond Ironside.

Tom. Aye, and a devilish clever fellow he was.

Crazy. What do you mean?

Tom. I mean that you are cursed shabby about the noddle,—you have lived a great while.

Mayor. Come be quiet Tom—here I command you to read the proclamation—now show him you can proclaim it right—mind in king Edward's name, you are to offer a reward of five hundred marks, to any man that will bring in Goodwin, Earl of Warwick, dead or alive.

Crazy. Yes I will—This is to give notice, that by command of Earl Goodwin, King Edward shall have 500 marks for bringing in the head of the Mayor of Coventry, dead or alive.

Tom. That sensible fellow has made a pretty proclamation.

Crazy. Now, an't I an old chaunter?

Mayor. Yes—I'll trust you with the public affairs, but you shall have nothing to do with mine.

Tom. So—between the magistrate and his deputy, the affairs of the public are likely to fare well—he has

not sense enough to help you in your love affairs with the girls, as he used to do; go had aid for his for NEW

Mayor. I'll try him. *(aside)* Can't you contrive to keep Tom from going home? think there's nothing but to

Grady. What you are going to Maud?—well I will, I will. I came into it.

Mayor. Mind your bells, Tom, mind your bells.

Tom. I will. C O N G

What pleasure to think on the times we have seen
S O N G.

Tom. Merry are the bells,
And merry do they ring.

Cra. Merry was myself, and merry cou'd I sing.

Cho. Merry is your ding-dong, happy gay and free,
Merry with a sing-song, merry let us be.

May. Waddle goes your gait, which it is

Tom. Hallow are your hose, My heart for

May. Noddle goes your pate, And well did I guess

Tom. And purple is your nose. For none dare

Cho. Merry is your ding-dong, happy gay and free,
And with a merry sing-song, merry let us be.

[Exeunt.]

—SCENE—changes to Tom's House.

Enter MAUD.—bring it along—now, get along

Maud. There never was a young woman so beset as

I am by his worship—If I tell Tom, there's a quarrel

—and then there's no staying; for in Coventry the

Mayor has such a power of interest—I've a great mind

to

to tell madam his lady, now I will be quit of him one way or other for his bad opinion of one, that I will. When people get up a little in the world—lord, they think there's nothing but to use poor folks as they please—hang the town—how is my Tom altered since I came into it.

S O N G.

What pleasure to think on the times we have seen,
'Twas May-day I first saw my Tom on the green;
So neat was I drest, and sprightly a mien,
A king was my love and I was his queen.

The garland presented by Tommy
From the hands of my Tommy.
A side look I stole at my lover by chance,
Which straight he return'd with so tender a glance:
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance
And well did I guess 'twas to lead off the dance.

For none danc'd so neat as my Tommy
In all things complete was my Tommy.
Oh! here comes the wicked Mayor.

Enter MAYOR, two Countrymen and hamper.

Mayor. Now, here bring the hamper this way—bring it along—make haste—there now, get along with you. *[Drives the two men out.]*

Maud. What shall I do?

Mayor. Come along—come there, get along—now to bolt the door. *[fastens the door.]*

Maud. I'm undone, no creature in the house but myself—he must not know that, or he may be immodest indeed.

Mayor. Egad here I am Maud, and Tom is abroad with the ringers practising his bells—here am I—but you little rogue, how nicely you gave me the slip just now!

Maud. I ask your pardon, but you know I must obey my husband—Why would you bring me all this wine?

Mayor. All under the rose; you shall treat me with a glass; it will make your veins to thrill, your cheeks glow, your bosom pant; your heart beat, your eyes sparkle with love and rapture.

Maud. Lord sir, will wine bewitch a body so?

Mayor. Yes, it will, do you know that love has summoned you before me, as a witch, and by the virtue of my authority, I commit you to those arms!

Maud. O! sure your worship is a little maddish?

Mayor. I am at this time as mad a magistrate as ever devoured a haunch of venison.

Maud. Nay, now do not talk that way to me, now, do not now, (*a great knocking at the door.*)

Tom. (*from without*) Maud, Maud, why have you bolted the door?

Maud. That's my Tom!

Mayor. Where shall I go?

Maud. Oh, lord if he sees you.

Mayor. I'll go up stairs.

Maud. You must not, indeed, he will go up there!

Mayor.

OF COVENTRY.

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Mayor. What shall I do? Oh my reputation! hide me, hide me some where.

Maud. Suppose you hide in this hamper that brought the wine.

Mayor. Oh, excellent! right, woman for invention, faith. *[gets into the hamper.]*

Tom. Why don't you open the door, Maud?

Maud. I'm coming, I'm coming, Tom.

Tom. *(pushes open the door)* Why the deuce did you bolt the door Maud, now I have broke the bolt.

Maud. Because I was alone, and one can't tell what might happen to a body—but what brought you home Tom?

Tom. Why grand news?

Maud. News!

Tom. Yes, there is his lordship the Earl of Mercia coming to our town—and there is the wedding liveries to be finished—and you are to pay your honours to the bride before she leaves the Mayor's house, and goes back to the Castle—I have won the wager Maud at the Guy of Warwick?

Maud. Have you?

Tom. I have won it, tol de rol—I'm come home half fuddled with joy—I'll now go and see how the cloaths go on—What hamper is that Maud?

Maud. Oh! that! —aye that's a hamper of wine that the Mayor desires you to see left safe at home, and delivered to madam his lady.

Tom.

Tom. Wine—oh! I'll carry it immediately, as I'm an officer I should do the Mayor's business.

Maud. So you thought Tom—for the Mayor is willing enough to do your business.

Tom. I'll see the hamper delivered to none but his lady.

Maud. (aside) Egad you'll trim his worship neatly.

Tom. You are a happy wife to have for ever a husband as I am—such a rare husband, Maud!

Maud. And you have a rare wife of me, if you knew all—Lord! what good spirits you're come home in, Tom.

Tom. How loving good cheer makes a body.

S O N G.

Egad we had a glorious feast,

So good in kind, so nicely drest,

Our liquor too was of the best—I'll tell you.

One leg of mutton two fat geese,

With beans and bacon, ducks and pease,

In short we'd ev'ry thing to please—the belly,

The clock struck twelve in merry chime,

The Priest said grace in Saxon rhyme,

Says I to me this is no time—for playing.

The room was full when I came in

But soon I napkin'd up my chin,

With knife and fork I now begin—to lay in.

The Curate who at such a rate,

Of dues and tithe-pigs us'd to prate,

In silence sat behind his plate—a peeping.

Most

Most church-men, like the vicar, too,
 A shepherd to his flock below,
 Like any wolf, good mutton now—was deep in.
 We nodded healths, for no one spoke,
 The cloth roll'd off, we crack'd a joke,
 And drunk the King and sung and smok'd—to
 Our reck'ning out, they call a whip, (bacco.
 I steals my hat, and home I trip,
 My pretty Maud your velvet lip—to smack o,
 [Exeunt.

SCENE—*The Mayor's House, EMMA sleeping.*

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. The people of this town are all running after news, mobs and proclamations—It is bold of me to venture here, even into the Mayor's house, and a price set upon my head by command of the Earl—Cruel fate! but I will see Emma again, tho' at the risk of my life—Oh! what my lovely Emma sleeping—sweet emblem of innocence.

Enter TOM with the hamper.

Tom. There, leave the hamper of wine till I find out madam the Mayorefs—where the plague are all the servants, O dear! oh! oh! there is young lady Emma taking a nap after dinner—Egad those great folks eat so hearty of so many dishes—She looks so rosy, and for all the world like a pretty picture—What a charming landscape—I fancy your great folks never
 inore

snore—even Maud does not snore much—perhaps she’s dreaming—I dreamt once I should be extoll’d above the whole town by means of a great lady, may be this is my lucky minute, what if I—O dear, I have a great mind—egad I’ll give her a kiss—I will (*Harold advances and draws his sword, Tom falls on his knees*) I’m dead.

Harold. Tom, you are the only person that has seen me enter here, betray me, and here is instant death—assist me, and here is the means of living well. (*Shows a purse.*)

Tom. Sir, I always chuse to live well—because—because—I am a good christian.

Harold. Take your choice, gold or steel.

Tom. Gold is a very pretty thing, I am out of conceit with steel, since last monday, when I run the needle into my thumb.

Harold. When she wakes give her this ring, and if she questions, tell her the owner is at hand. [*Retires.*]

Tom. Yes, sir, I’ll tell her its in the owner’s hands. madam, a handsome gentleman, an ill looking cobbler with great civility—a sword to my throat—said—sir be so good to shew as that lady this ring—you villain you dog—give her this.

Emma. That ring I gave my benefactor, my dear, my generous William. [*Harold appearing.*]

Tom. (*going off and peeping*) Oh! oh! well I will go and carry the hamper to the Mayorefs—Oh! ho!—
I suppose

I suppose so—oh well—what's that to Tom?—aye, oh, aye!—Oh, ho! oh, ho! [Exit Tom.]

Harold. Madam, if I am so happy as to hold a place in your affections, which I acknowledge your condescension—permit me to say, it reflects no dishonour on your choice, for in poor William the peasant, you behold Harold, son to Goodwin, Earl of Kent, unhappy only in being hated by the father of her he loves.

Emma. Is it possible, are you Harold, for whose life the proclamation is out? Oh heavens! if you are discovered, you are lost, and I miserable.

Harold. Charming Emma, that tender anxiety for my safety, rewards a life of exile; but this evening is appointed for the celebration of your nuptials with the Count—This moment the equipage is on the road to convey you away to the castle.

Emma. Oh heavens! doom'd to a wretch I despise!

Harold. Trust to my honour, Madam, and I will instantly convey you to my father's court; thus you will avert the impending storm, and there in safety you may determine the fate of him who adores you.

Emma. It would be ungrateful to distrust your sincerity—I resign myself entirely to your protection—Free me from this odious match with Count Lewis, and it will be a favour I shall ever acknowledge—and esteem as a generous obligation. [Exit.]

C SCENE

PEEPING TOM

SCENE—*A room in the Mayor's House.*

Enter TOM with the hamper.

Tom. Yes, that poor fellow must be some rich man from the money he gave me—here is love—O yes, there is certainly love in the case—well, what's that to Tom?—my business is to deliver this wine to the Mayorefs, I am a great favourite—the smiles upon me whenever she sees me—now if she should be the great lady who is to exalt me—who knows, here comes the Mayorefs herself.

Enter MAYORESS.

Mayorefs. Not a servant in this house, all gone I suppose to see the young Lady Godiva come into town—Oh! good Tom.

Tom. (*aside*) She always calls me good Tom, that's no bad sign.

Mayorefs. What's this, Tom?

Tom. Madam, when I went home, I found my door lock'd, and bursting it open, my wife Maud had got this hamper in her custody, which his worship the Mayor had told her—to tell me, to fetch it to your ladyship.

Mayorefs. More nonsense of my blockhead of a husband.

Tom. It's no nonsense, madam, because it's wine.

Mayorefs. Oh! wine I suppose, that he has purchased from the French Count.

Tom. It's no purchase, it's a present.

Mayorefs.

Mayorefs. Oh! a present from the French Count I suppose—well for his trouble Tom, you shall have the first glass.

Tom. I long to drink your ladyship's health—you are the tulip of Coventry.

Mayorefs. You have a good taste, Tom.

Tom. Taste, madam, I could drink a bottle when you are the toast—

Enter MAUD.

Maud. Aye, and you will have a bottle well fill'd presently.

Mayorefs. What brings you here?

Maud. I come to empty the hamper, Madam.

Mayorefs. You!

Maud. Yes, madam, for it was last filled at my house.

Tom. So Maud you was toying, when you lock'd yourself in (opens the hamper and discovers the Mayor) There, madam.

Mayorefs. My husband!

Tom. Egad, this is indeed a big-bellied bottle?

Mayorefs. What! you have been at your old tricks, I suppose.

Tom. Well done Maud—egad you have hamper'd his worship.

Mayorefs. You are a right worshipful magistrate.

Mayor. (Comes out of the hamper.) So I am wife—Tom, remember I am father of you all.

Tom. Aye, and so you wanted to be the father of my children.

Mayor. Come here wife—come here—well Tom, as this was only a frolic you'll send home the wine.

Tom. Oh! is it at home now?

Mayor. Yes, but you'll send it home to me.

Tom. O no—the devil a drop you get—I'll keep it to drink to my wife's virtue, and the like success to your worship's intrigues.

Mayor. Dear wife forgive this.

F I N A L E

Maud. Who would destroy domestic joy,

Be ever sham'd like you Sir,

Then girls agree to do like me

Out with each fly seducer.

The deuce may mend and shame attend,

Who thus with supple temper,

Then Master Mayor pray have a care,

Nor get again into the hamper.

Tom. Well pleas'd to find, my wife so kind,

So cunning and so clever;

The bells shall ring, her praise I'll sing,

For ever and for ever.

The bells shall ring, &c.

END OF ACT 1.

Maud. But Mr Tom, as I have got no diamond neck

lace, won't you do as well to ring my hand?

Tom. Now, now, won't you ever hear of a

Countess knocking her beads?—now I will make a

speech

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Street.**Enter Tom followed by a Mob.**Tom.*

HUZZA! Huzza! Neighbours, neighbours, where are you all going?

Mob. Huzza!—to meet the Earl of Mercia and Lady Godiva!

Tom. Why neighbours, what will they think of our town, let us welcome them in order—if we must roar let us roar like men and christians.—I'll cheer them with a choice chaunt—and then I'll make a fine speech—and then when I am making the speech—not a grunt from one of you—not a grunt!

Mob. Why, what will you say?

Tom. Why suppose now, you to be the Countess—I desire you to make a low curtsy to me, because you are very civil.—now you frown with your under lip more—now curl up your nose—so now Mr Countess take your fingers out of your mouth, do—now settle your diamond necklace—shew your fine ring and white hand.

Mob. But Mr Tom, as I have got no diamond necklace, won't it do as well to stroke my beard.

Tom. No, no, it won't—did you ever hear of a Countess stroaking her beard?—now I will make a

speech—May it please your Lordship and Ladyship, the great honour you have done us, in coming to our beggarly town.

Mob. What—Coventry a beggarly town?—Why you deserve a good kicking!

Tom. Now, did you ever know a Countess kick a church-warden.

Enter MAYOR.

Mob. No speech, no speech—a speech from the Mayor, to be sure.

Tom. The Mayor's an ignorant man!

Mayor. What's the matter here?

Mob. Here's Tom abusing the whole town.

Mayor. Is he?—get you gone all of you—Tom, you are a very impudent fellow—So Tom, I'm an ignorant man.

Tom. Are you fir?

Mayor. And you are an impudent rascal.

Tom. My impudence, is having a wife too pretty for me, and too virtuous for your worship.

S O N G.

Tom. Your worship your wings may clap,

And think yourself a great city cock;

You'll never my Maud entrap,

For she is the hen of a pretty cock.

Have done with your winks and your leers,

For Tom is a taylor that's knowing fir,

He'll.

He'll trim you himself with his sheers, (ing fir,
 And then you'll have done with your crow—
 Your worship, &c.
 My wife is a white-legged fowl,
 Can bill like a thrush or dove in tree,
 But never will pair with an owl,
 My worshipful Mayor of Coventry,
 Your worship, &c.

Mayor. Tom I discharge you from all public offices—
 —the public good demands it.

Tom. The public good!—Why—can you forget when
 you collected the poor's rate, you lent out money at
 three pence a week, for a shilling—and when church-
 warden, you was detected in putting in six-pence, and
 taking out half a crown.

Mayor. I put in half a crown.

Tom. Aye, that was compound.

Mayor. Tom, I discharge you down to a common
 constable.

Crazy. He is no constable, that office belongs to me!

Mayor. Tom, I supercede you—I must be ready to
 receive the Earl of Mercia.

Enter EARL of MERCIA, LADY GODIVA, and Attend-
 ants.

Earl. Mr Mayor, my daughter has made a long vi-
 sit at your house.

Mayor. She does my house, my Lord, much honour.

Godiva.

Godiva. Has not your fair at Coventry lasted much longer than usual?

Mayor. My Lady, in order to compensate for the great honour done us, we have had a greater variety of entertainments than ever was known in Coventry.

Tom. We have indeed had great diversions, my Lady, lord how beautiful she is.

Crazy. Yes, we had much merry-making.

Earl. Who are you my old friend?

Crazy. Please your worship—I am Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. The devil you are!

Tom. Please your worship, that old gentleman's wits are a little out at the elbows, and though my brain is quite new, and I've been so active in every office, yet the Mayor has put him over my head—and he's mad.

Mayor. Crazy there has merit.

Tom. I've done nothing.

Earl. So then you are the active officer that has done nothing.

Crazy. I do all myself!

Earl. This same town of Coventry seems to be well governed—if one may judge by the appearance of the magistrates.

Tom. His lordship seems to be in a plaguy ill-humour—he looks damn'd glum—come—clear up your pipes and give him a song.

SONG.

OF COVENTRY.

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Count. Emma, my lord, your daughter, is fled—

Tom. Your Lordship's welcome among us,
Because you are the Peet;
Your Ladyship never will wrong us,
Because you're not severe.

Cho. This is joyful news,
What citizen will refuse
To stick up their houses with holly,
We'll broach a tub of humming bub,
To welcome home with a rub-a-dub,
So neighbours let us be jolly.

May. At our fair you'll be delighted,
The bells shall ring merrily,
And when, my lord, I'm Knighted,
Sir Gregory Goose I'll be.

Cho. This is joyful news, &c.

Enter COUNT LEWIS.

Count. Emma, my lord, your daughter, is fled—
gone off—and accompanied by a young peasant—That
I have say must be the young peasant that rescued her
from the Danes, it seems Harold, Earl Godwin's son,
has been lurking about the town.

Earl. (looking at the Mayor) Is this your fidelity to
me—since you have joined in the treason, all partake
in the punishment—for this offence I amerce your wif-
ty in a thousand marks, and by heaven, the power of
man shall not induce me to abate one scruple—See
that

PEEPING TOM

that this be complied with in an hour's notice, or rigour shall enforce my sentence!

[Exit Earl Godiva and Attendants.]

Tom. There's a pretty job!

Crazy. I remember Alfred the great laid a tax upon horn combs.

Enter MAYORESS.

Mayress. Fine care you have taken of us!

Mayor. Fire, sword and famine is come upon us! O grief! O ruin!

Tom. You see when my lord takes a thing into his head, he says I'll do it—and in that case he surely does it—and then it is done.

Mayress. We all know that Lady Godiva is as sweet temper'd as her husband is crabbed and crusty—now I will summon all the goodwives in a body, and I'll go at their head, and with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, will beseech the Lady, to beseech her husband to take off the tax.

Tom. An excellent thought!

Mayor. I must get the consent of the corporation—I will go summon the livery.

Mayress. Summon the livery! you had better go summon the petticoats—

Tom. I'm for the petticoats.

Crazy. And I love the petticoats. [Enter]

SCENE

PEEPING TOM
OF COVENTRY.

SCENE

Enter EMMA and HAROLD.

Emma. What a dilemma!

Harold. The city-guard being posted, prevented our escape—

Emma. When my father knows you are the person that assisted in my escape, he will be in such a rage—

Harold. A separation from my Emma alone, is a terror for her faithful Harold;

Emma. Was my father to consider your valour, he would certainly be reconciled.

Harold. True my love, I have bled in my country's cause, and shall again—not the fire of love, nor the frost of age, shall check my spirit in the cause of Britain.

Emma. Oh, do not have an idea of separation; if you could but find a place of safety here, for the present—this is the house of poor honest Tom, the taylor, I have seen so often at the Mayor's.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Aye, there they go—what a fine string of them, I did not think there were so many women in Coventry, at least not so many pretty girls in it—I love the pretty girls, because they are generally so handsome—they always smigger at me as they pass, but can they help it, when I cast such fly-looks at them—there they all march in a body—egad it's a delicate body and the Mayoress at their head, she's a fine head—Well if this scheme succeeds, I will get drunk to night, like a sober

PEEPING TOM

ber citizen, and drink success to the petticoat-corporation—Oh lord, madam—Emma, there they are gone up to the Lady Godiva.

Emma. You'll not betray me!

Harold. Mind Tom, money or steel.

Tom. No sir, I have gold enough, and keep the sword to defend the lady.—You will find in my house, perhaps, as good shelter as in a rich man's—for lord, I am as great a friend to love as the women's favourite, the fat Frier Fogarty.

S O N G.

When I was a younker and liv'd with my dad,
The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad,
My mamma she call'd me a white headed boy,
Because with the girls I lik'd for to toy,
There was Ciss, Priss, Letty and Betty and Doll,
With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll,
I flatter'd their chatter so sprightly and gay,
I rumble 'em, tumble 'em, that's my way.

One fine frosty morning a-going to school,
Young Meggy I met and she call'd me a fool,
Her mouth as my primer a lesson I took,
I swore it was pretty and then kiss'd the book;
But school, fool, primer and trimmer and birch,
And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.
I flatter'd, &c. &c.

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig,
 And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig,
 I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can sling,
 And when o'er a flaggon most sweetly can sing,
 But pig, jig, wicket and cricket and ball,
 I'd give up to wrestle with Meggy of all.
 I flatter'd, &c. &c.

SCENE—a Chamber in Tom's House.

Enter Tom.

Tom. I have a great fancy to know what Maud and the Mayorefs have done——Lord how I long to know what success they have had, or whether they will forgive the tax——Oh, there's Maud come back, I hear her voice.

Maud. (*without*) Oh, madam, I'll only tell Tom.
 (*entering*) Oh, Tom, here we have got the young lady Emma in the house—have you seen the Countess?

Tom. I know what we have got—but tell me, shall we get the tax off; you all went, and were you all there?

Maud. Yes, there we went, and we were all admitted to Lady Godiva's presence.

Tom. Oh Lord that was pleasant.

Maud. So it was Tom—we all fell a-crying.

Tom. How did you manage that, Maud—I never saw you cry in all my life.

Maud. I only made believe—then we all fell on our knees, then we got up again.

D

Tom.

Tom. Yes, yes, oh I see—I see you did!

Maud. Then the Countess she heard our petitions, and she ask'd my lord to pardon the city—no said his lordship that I will not—I have sworn that the power of man shall not persuade me—yes, but says she, the power of woman may, and I am a woman says she.

Tom. Oh, she need not have told him that.

Maud. And says her ladyship, I am a good woman—and your wife; and you, as a good husband, ought to do as I bid you.

Tom. She was a little out there.

Maud. Says the Earl as you are a good woman, I will forgive the tax only on one condition—what's that, says my lady? It is, says he, only if you will ride through the city of Coventry naked, without a rag of cloaths on.

Tom. What!

Maud. Now he only joked; having no notion she would do it—but she having the good of our city at heart, took him at his word, and is actually now preparing for it.

Tom. Lady Godiva ride a horseback—all through the city, without any—well if I ever—

Maud. Now you are all agog, with your nonsensical curiosity.

Tom. I have no curiosity.

Maud. Tom, Tom, our fortune is made, for as Lady Emma has taken shelter in our house.

Tom. Our house—ride—so, so,—

Maud.

Maud. But here's a young peasant in her company.

Tom. Company; then I suppose she will have nothing at all.

Maud. 'Tis very odd, for he seems to have a sight of money.

Tom. Sight of money—such a sight.

Maud. Hang the man is he grown stupid—what are you thinking of Tom.

Tom. I was thinking of a side saddle.

Maud. Was there ever such a fool. But I must go and attend Lady Emma, so I will leave you to ride on your side saddle. [Exit.

Tom. Talk of a coronation, 'tis no more to this—Lady Godiva is a procession in herself, I must go in time to procure a good place—shall I ask our Maud to go—no, no, the sight would be lost upon Maud—but I'll go—

Enter MAYOR.

Tom. What brings you here, fir?

Mayor. Well Tom, I suppose you have heard?

Tom. Yes fir.

Mayor. Lady Godiva in her progress through the city, passes by your house here.

Tom. 'Gad fir, that's lucky, I shall have an opportunity of seeing her nicely.

Mayor. Yes, and you will have an opportunity of hanging in hemp nicely at your own door—the streets are to be cleared—all the windows and the houses to
be.

be fasten'd up, no person on pain of death, to be seen of the Male kind.

Tom. Me—do you think I would look, fir—I wish I could get him out of the house—why what need your worship be in a hurry to go.

Mayor. I am in a hurry to go, Tom.

Tom. It's a fine day abroad, fir.

Mayor. But every body must stay at home.

Tom. Well, if you will go home, you must—good bye to you.

Mayor. What, are you going, Tom.

Tom. Yes, fir; I wish you a good-bye, fir, I will not stay in this room while Lady Godiva passes, it commands such a prospect.

Mayor. 'Gad that's true—from that window I could have a charming peep, if that fellow was but out of the way. (*aside*)

Tom. I'll go down and lock myself in the cellar to avoid temptation.

Mayor. Do, Tom—that's a good boy, and I'll go home, Tom!

Tom. Good-bye to you, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye to you, Tom.

Tom. So you are going home, fir.

Mayor. Yes I am going home, now do you go and lock yourself up in the cellar.

Tom. Yes I will, fir, good-bye, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye, Tom!

Tom. Good-bye, fir.

Mayor.

Mayor. Good-bye.

[*Exit severally.*]

Re-enter MAYOR.

Mayor. By this time, Lady Godiva's past the cross, all is clear, and foolish Tom has lock'd himself up in the cellar, and thinks I am gone home—she cannot be far off now—I shall have a charming peep at her from that window—I'll go and look for something to put on the table. [*Exit.*]

Enter TOM.

Tom. By this time his worship's at home, curst troublesome old hound, and Lady Godiva must be at hand—I think I hear her horse's feet—the clinking of their hoofs is far sweeter than a haut-boy. (*Drags a stool, and puts it on a table, and gets up.*) There, there, she is turning the corner.

Mayor. I can find nothing—I'll try to reach the window upon my tip-toes, though I break my neck for it. (*In striving to get up, he catches Tom in his arms.*) Oh, you villain have I caught you peeping.

Tom. Sir, I was only going to take in the cockchafinch.

Mayor. Come down I'll have you hang'd—I came here only on the look out. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A Street.*

Enter TOM, followed by the EARL, MAYORESS, and Attendants.

Earl. You shall be hang'd Tom.

Tom. Then your lordship must get me another neck, for this is engaged already.

Earl. How firrah! did you not know it was instant death?

Tom. True my lord, but I thought it was no harm.

Enter MAUD.

Maud. Oh, my dear, what's the matter, it is all along this wicked Mayor, he wants to make me a widow—it would be for the public good if he was hanged instead of my husband—

Earl. Then we should leave his wife here a sorrowful widow.

Mayores's. Oh, my lord; I should not mind my private sorrows for the public good—

Earl. So then Mr Mayor, all this was to forward your designs upon the young woman—if this culprit here will give up my daughter, his life shall be saved.

Tom. Then I have a dull chance, my lord; but my lord, though I am but a poor fellow, the richest jewel in your lordship's coronet could not make me betray a person, after once giving him the protection of my roof!

Earl. See him to execution—Try him further.

Tom. No mercy, my lord!

Earl. Yes, if you can produce Harold in your place, that may save your life.

Enter HAROLD and EMMA.

Harold. Then save his life and take mine, I am Harold, but now the husband of your unhappy daughter.

Earl

Earl. Disobedient child—of all men upon earth, is this your wretched choice?

Emma. My choice—my pride.

Earl. I would sooner have bestowed you on that peasant, that rescued you from the Danes, for his valour at least has a claim upon my gratitude.

Emma. Then let Harold have that claim; he was that peasant, the protector of my life and honour.

Earl. I see now that my prejudice to Earl Goodwin, has blinded me to his son's peculiar virtues, and what you have saved, take for your reward.

Enter COUNT LEWIS.

Count. My lord, your daughter I claim, according to promise.

Earl. No, he is unworthy of a lady's love, that has not courage to protect it.

Tom. So here I stand all this while with the rope about my neck.

Mayor. I must do my duty, bring in the constables.

Earl. 'Tis your duty to resign an office to which you are a disgrace—Here I grant Tom a full pardon for his adherence to his word, and in your place I appoint him Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. What, Peeping Tom!

Tom. Hold your tongue, you dog, or I'll put you in the stocks.

Crazy. Whoever is Mayor, I'll be church-warden.

Earl.

Earl. I believe I have been too severe upon your city, but since it has produced one honest man, I relinquish my claims.

Crazy. Yes I am an honest man, and you have found me out.

Tom. Then I hope our friends will be equally indulgent, and every man that loves a fine woman, will pardon PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

FINALE.

Harold. Let every care and tumult cease,
Bands of love unite us;
Kind friendship joy and lasting peace,
For ever shall delight us.

Maud. I wish you joy of your disgrace,
Let his wife alone fir,
For since by her you've lost your place,
Better kiss your own, fir.

Mayor. I've brought things to a pretty pass,
By my own gallanting:
Tho' late a Mayor—I'm now an afs:
This is my gala-ganting.

Crazy. Why what a-deuce is all this rout,
Cease your idle finging,
Or by this hand I'll put you out,
And set the bells a ringing.

Tom.

OF COVENTRY.

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Tom. Though you have as poets see,
Rods in pickle sleeping;
Forgive poor Tom of Coventry,
And pardon for his *peeping*.

F I N I S.

2

OF THE



1817